[ficlet] No Wrath

• Aug. 30th, 2011 at 12:24 PM

Title: No Wrath.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, violence, dubcon, angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Uriel/Castiel.
Word Count: 865 words.
Summary: Castiel's losing the fight - but Uriel doesn't want to kill him, not really.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was

wrestling/grinding. Thanks to ~~**ravenspear**~~ for the pairing/encouragement/idea/what have you!

This is an AU to 'On the Head of a Pin', wherein Anna didn't arrive at the best dramatic moment to stab Uriel in the neck. It proceeds from there.

Uriel stands over him, finally lowering his fists, blood dripping from his fingers.

"Please," he says, "Castiel. I don't want to do this."

Castiel struggles to his feet, and slowly raises his fists.

Uriel doesn't hesitate before he punches him again, feels skin break under his knuckles and watches Castiel land on the floor.

Again Castiel struggles up, and this time Uriel grabs him by the neck.

"Stop fighting me," Uriel hisses, before he throws Castiel to the floor once more. He needs his blade, and he's hesitating already. Castiel was right: they are friends.

He picks up the blade, and doesn't turn in time before Castiel tackles him from behind.

It's only luck that he doesn't land on his own blade. Castiel's on top of him, grabbing for it, and when Uriel rears up - well, he tries to. Castiel's grip is surprisingly strong and they instead land in another heap, nose-to-nose. Castiel looks exhausted and desperate.

"Stop this," he begs. "I don't want to fight you."

Uriel gives in and answers him with a kiss. It's not what he expected to do, it's not what he should be doing now, but if it brings Castiel in line -

It's Castiel's turn to rear back, but Uriel drops the blade and grabs his wrists, bodily forcing them up and to the wall. He shifts his grip to hold Castiel's wrists with one hand and fumbles with their pants at the same time; he's still giving Castiel a series of short vicious kisses, not bothering with words at this point.

He'll give Castiel a death, then, and see if it can't convince him of the right path.

"Uriel," Castiel manages before he gasps. Uriel grips his cock in a tight grip and strokes it, licking Castiel's lips clean of the blood. The damage they've both done to each other is healing, but Castiel's struggles are lessening with every movement. "Uriel, what are you - "

"It's not resolution," Uriel says, biting down on Castiel's lip. "You haven't shown me the error of my ways."

"Don't kill me, Uriel, stop," Castiel gasps.

"I won't," Uriel says. He grunts in satisfaction as he gets his own pants open. "I'll show you how humans express love." Who knows - it might even convince Castiel that he's in the wrong. Either way Uriel gets to delay Castiel's fate.

Castiel resumes struggling the moment he feels their cocks brush each other, but he can't stop the moan or hide the flush on his cheeks. "Uriel, Uriel - "

Uriel kisses him again, long and hard and if there's a hint of tenderness he doesn't care. He has always liked Castiel, and he had high hopes for him. He wants Castiel to make the right choice.

Castiel gets a hand free. Uriel lets go of his cock to whirl them around and slam Castiel down against the concrete, and when he puts a hand in Castiel's hair to hold him, he feels the wet of blood.

He puts his other hand around both of their cocks, and thrusts his hips in short movements, groaning as he does. It's not enough, not nearly enough, but Castiel's eyes are unfocusing and that could be very good or very bad.

"Injured?" Uriel asks, loosening his grip on Castiel's hair.

"Wh - wh - " Castiel bucks up, crying out but with pain or pleasure Uriel doesn't know.

Uriel grins and keeps moving. There's a fine way to distract Castiel from the pain and that's with more sex. He kisses him again, swallowing his cries as he ruts against Castiel.

Castiel's hands have found their way to his back and grip at his shirt, and Uriel deepens the kiss, abandoning air for the taste of blood and spit and Castiel. He comes with Castiel's eyes focused once more and locked onto his, and he feels Castiel find release under him.

Uriel doesn't let his body slump down yet, not when his blade is still unsheathed and in the room, and Castiel needs tending to.

He stands up, panting, and stares down at Castiel for a moment, taking in the sight of Castiel on the floor: sprawled out, pants stained and open with the belt hanging loose, that ridiculous coat a rumpled mess around him, his hair mussed and bloody, his face flushed with pleasure and lined with blood-stains where there were injuries that have healed over the minutes.

"That's how humans show their love, Castiel," Uriel says. "In the dirt. It's messy, unsightly - "

"Please," Castiel says softly, breathing. "Enough of this, Uriel."

Uriel shakes his head and collects his blade, thinking. Can he afford to let Castiel live? Perhaps - if he can keep Castiel in line, keep him from interfering with his activities or reporting to Heaven... Is it a risk he is willing to take?

Uriel walks over to stand over Castiel as he sits up, worrying his blade in his hands. He

studies Castiel's appearance again, and thinks: what a sight he would make, if he were to stand at Lucifer's side and fight with such tenacity against the warriors of Heaven!

"Perhaps," Uriel says after a moment, "You can be allowed to live."